PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-39

SAYS THE EDITOR

# CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 9 • No. 8 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • AUGUST 19, 1938 | 5 CENTS

# Tax Rate Goes to $1.25

### PINE CONE PRAISED—BUT SO IS OUR LITTLE PAPER

At Wednesday night's meeting of the city council Mayor Bert Heron took occasion to compliment the *Pine Cone* on its suggestion that signs be placed at the three highway entrances to Carmel informing the motoring public that we have "No auto or trailer camps, no beach concessions; our laws are strictly and honestly enforced." He said that this suggestion should be kept in mind by the council and that before long some sort of action should be taken on it. We agree with the mayor; we are heartily in favor of the idea. We would add our suggestion, however, that we make the signs read: "our laws are strictly, honestly and *courteously* enforced" and then hold them for a while until we can be sure this last statement is correct.

By the way, our little newspaper came in for some praise by the mayor. He complimented us for suggesting rubbish receptacles for the business streets. His remarks following the opening of four garbage contract bids, three of which offered to collect the contents of rubbish cans free of charge and two of which actually offered to provide the said receptacles without cost to the city.

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### GALLOPING HORSE MUST COME DOWN—WHICH BRINGS UP A MORAL MATTER

Erskine De Loe has been notified by the chief of police, on instructions from the city council, that he must remove the Galloping Horse sign which hangs out above the sidewalk on the front of his restaurant building on Ocean avenue. The horse gallops too far out, just six inches too far out to conform to the city ordinance relative to signs.

So, Ernie must take it down, while at the same time he must gaze with some wonder at the Carmel Bakery sign, directly across the street from him, that extends out above the sidewalk almost to the line of the curb, and in the block above him at Ewig's sign which does the same thing. Ernie, being a comparative recent arrival in Carmel, probably doesn't know that the bakery and Ewig signs were there before the present sign ordinance was put into effect.

But if he does know that, he must still wonder why, even so, those signs stay that way. We, ourselves, wonder why they do, so we can't blame Ernie. The sign regulation ordinance was adopted by a wise city council for two reasons: one, to assure protection to pedestrians against heavy, far-extended signs falling on them, and second, to prevent our business streets from becoming garish eye-sores through the erection of big, hideous, garish signs sticking out in a hodge-podge of irregularity above the sidewalks.

And we contend that if there was a good reason for the ordinance being adopted, there is no good reason why signs which violate it should remain up, no matter when they were erected. Of course, there is no legal method by which the bakery and Ewig signs can be removed, but businessmen, particularly the Ewig brand of businessman who is so apparently interested in the welfare of the city that he takes an active and energetic part

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## LIBRARY BOND ISSUE JUMPS UP TO $3,000 TO INCLUDE SIDEWALK

It's to be a $3,000 bond issue for proposed physical improvements to the Carmel public library. This amount, provided a PWA grant is forthcoming, will not only provide the necessary addition to the building but will build a necessary retaining wall and sidewalk on Lincoln street and on Sixth street.

The council tried to hang the cost of the retaining wall and sidewalk onto the library board, to be provided from library funds, but you should have seen how members of the board were scandalized, even at the thought of such a thing. To hear members of the board yell at any suggestion of using any of its funds for anything other than what it has decided to use them for, you'd get the impression that the library belongs to God. That it actually belongs to the taxpayers of Carmel who are providing the money for its maintenance and operation is something Kent Clark and Mrs. Karl Rendtorff, particularly, can't get into their heads.

The council has the crazy idea

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## ROSCELLI HIGH BIDDER ON GARBAGE CONTRACT

Who will collect Carmel's garbage for the next four years beginning September 1 will be decided by the city council at an adjourned meeting next Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Also at that time, City Attorney Billy Hudson will inform the council if there is any way it can grant a permit to Joe Oliveira to sell gasoline at his taxi stand on Dolores and Sixth without placing the property in the category of business property where any regulated business can be operated.

And in addition the city attorney will offer his suggestion for an ordinance which will possibly regulate the use of loud speakers from trucks in our business streets. This last matter comes up as the result of a letter from Tilly Polak protesting the noise of a loud speaker from which the voice of a gubernatorial candidate resounded a week ago yesterday evening.

There were four garbage bids presented to the council Wednesday night.

George Beck of Monterey offered to pay the city $1,020 a year for the privilege of collecting the city's garbage and collecting fees from the residents therefor.

Fred Treat offered $4,000 for the four-year period, or $2,550 in three installments with six per cent interest on deferred payments, or $500 a year with an additional five per cent of gross receipts over $500,

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## *Don't Let Allen Griffin Spoof You*

Don't let Allen Griffin spoof you!

In his attempt to forestall disaster to an elaborate high school and junior college plan for Monterey, the editor of the *Peninsula Herald* would have the residents and property owners of the Sunset School district believe that if we draw out of the Monterey Union High School district and build a high school of our own, in the midst of our own community, it will cost us more money than if we remained in status quo.

That is not true.

With pardonable desperation he wants to make you believe, as evidenced by his editorial in the *Herald* Wednesday night, that your friends and neighbors who are endeavoring to get your signatures onto the Carmel high school petition, aren't being honest with you. He says that they are telling you that "the tax rate in the Sunset School district would be less—to retire bonds—if that district separated and built a $300,000 high school" than it would be if you stayed in the Monterey district and paid your share of the cost of the proposed Monterey plan for a huge high school plant.

They aren't telling you anything of the sort. They never have told you anything of the sort. They are telling you this:

That if Sunset district secedes from the Monterey Union High School district and builds a $300,000 school plant of its own, your taxes in the new high school district to retire bonds on the capital outlay AND operate such a plant will be lower than they will be for you in the Monterey district for the retirement of bonds for its capital outlay AND the annual operation of its proposed million-dollar school plant.

Allen is right (he doesn't have to eat his arithmetical hat, as he suggests that he might have to do) when he says that Sunset now comprises 30 per cent of the Monterey Union High School and that 30 per cent of the contemplated retirement cost (assuming a PWA grant) of $550,000 in bonds is less than the entire retirement cost of $300,000 in bonds for the proposed Sunset plant.

He continues to be right when he says that even if we should get a PWA grant for 45 per cent of our capital outlay, we would only then be even with our percentage of the bond cost of the Monterey project.

In other words: that it would cost us about $165,000 as our share of bond payments if we stay with Monterey and it would cost us $165,000, as 55 per cent of $300,000, if we build a school of our own with PWA aid.

But he deliberately avoids mentioning what we know and he knows: that this year's Monterey Union High School tax, which we in Sunset will have to pay, will be 37 cents for operating its *present* plant. And Allen knows that this rate will go up, rather than down, with the growth of the school and the necessity for expansion.

But, assuming it stands at 37 cents indefinitely and supposing Monterey goes ahead with its million-dollar high school project, there will be a capital outlay (with PWA grant) of $550,000, the bond retirement cost of which will mean an additional tax of 13 cents over a period of 20 years. The total tax, therefore, for 20 years, cannot be lower than 50 cents.

Now, Carmel's capital outlay would not be more than $300,000 without a PWA grant, and could be as low as $165,000 with a PWA grant. But let's take the maximum—$300,000. Over a period of 20 years, the tax rate for bond retirement would be 20 cents.

And it has been carefully established by experts on the job that even for the first year, without state grants for per capita attendance, which you can't get the first year, our operating cost of a high school of our own would be about $25,000. The gross cost would be $40,000, but we could count on about $12,800 from the Sunset district for taking care of its seventh and eighth grades in our high school, and $2,200 initiating grant from the state. That leaves $25,000. That would call for a tax rate of 28 cents. This, plus the bond retirement tax of 20 cents, would make our tax rate 48 cents.

But, how about subsequent years? It is estimated that the "average daily attendance" grant from the state would be $10,900. This, plus the $12,800 from Sunset, totals about $24,000. Take this from $40,000 gross operating expense and you get $16,000, which would require a tax rate of about 18 cents. And 18 cents, plus 20 cents, is 38 cents.

This could increase quite a bit over the years to equal Monterey's 50 cents, couldn't it?

And while Mr. Griffin is mulling over these figures, he might retain in the back of his mind a kindly feeling for me for ignoring in this comparison the fact that on this year's tax rate there will be added to that 37 cents of his high school district tax the little matter of 15 cents to pay for the 47 acres of land his school board bought for the proposed new high school plant. (They spent only $36,000 for this land, and the 15 cents will bring about $49,000. What the difference is for we haven't been able to find out.)

And Allen deliberately ignores the matter of a 20-year period during which, if we are in the district at the start, we will have to continue paying our share of the total bond retirement. This means that for 20 years Sunset will be stuck for at least 13 cents of the Monterey Union High School district tax even though at some period in that term we do retire

(Continued on Page Three)

## GENERAL FUND IS INCREASED, MAKING NINE CENT RAISE OVER 1937

Carmel's city tax rate goes up 9 cents.

Last year's rate was $1.16.

The council Wednesday night passed on first reading an ordinance fixing this year's rate at $1.25.

It breaks down this way:

General fund, $1; library fund, 19 cents; 1930 bonds (fire apparatus) interest and redemption, 3 cents; 1936 bonds (fire house), 3 cents

The increase of 9 cents is made up by an increase from 90 cents to $1 for the general fund and a decrease from 4 cents to 3 cents in the 1936 bond retirement.

This rate is based on an assessment of $3,611,510, an increase of $105,970 over last year.

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## HIGH SCHOOL PETITION CAN BE SIGNED ON OCEAN AVE.

Headquarters have been opened by the Carmel High School petition committee in the Carmel Garage display room on Ocean avenue. There you may sign the petition for secession of the Sunset district from the Monterey High School district. By so doing you will save yourself money in taxes and will give your children an opportunity to get their high school education in their own community. Further, they will be able to use their own high school plant out of school hours, a situation made difficult today by the necessity of their transportation to and from school in buses running on regular schedules before the opening and after the closing of the classes.

The committee is installing a clock on the window of the show headquarters and this will record the progress from day to day of the campaign for signatures on the petition.

The total signatures to date is something more than 800 and a trifle more than 1500 is necessary.

There will also be a "squad car" drive through the residence sections Monday, ten or a dozen of the workers combining to cover every home in the district by nightfall.

At the headquarters on Ocean avenue there will be members of the committee who can answer any questions that might be asked by electors and can make clear both the Carmel proposal and the program tentatively adopted by the Monterey district for a million-dollar high school plant.

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### COMMUNITY NOTICE

Dr. Wilber W. McKee will speak on the subject of "Hungers of the Heart" at the Carmel Community Church on Lincoln street next Sunday morning at 11. The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m. Visitors to Carmel are invited to attend.

in discussions about it, should recognize that there are such things as moral as well as legal obligations.

As for Ocean avenue attractiveness, Jon Konigshofer's decorative galloping horse at De Loe's makes the Ewig and bakery signs look like a lot of refuse.

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**WHO'S TO BLAME FOR TAX RAISE, NOT THIS COUNCIL**

Before you taxpayers get hot and bothered about the nine-cent increase in the 1938 tax rate as fixed by the council Wednesday night and begin to leap on the present council about it, give a thought to the fact that it is not this year's needs so much as the last two-years' wild spending of the old council that is responsible.

Councilman Everett Smith, mayor for the two years up to last May and the guiding spirit over that period in the council, made this undertone remark at Wednesday's meeting:

"It'll take us a long time to pay for this Ocean avenue work."

Says you, Everett. Well, it'll take us a long time to recover from your spending orgy of the last two years. This Ocean avenue improvement cost is comparatively negligible because our regular street department is doing all the work, and the cost of materials beyond that amounts to nothing in comparison with the advantage and beauty resulting.

But you know perfectly well, that the increase of nine cents in the tax rate this year is caused not by what we need now so much as what you did to us that we have to pay for; have paid for to the point of going virtually bankrupt municipally this year.

Take a look at your operations—yours and Bernard Rowntree's particularly. Let's put it in a column so it will stand out clear and definite:

| | |
|---|---|
| Shaff Brothers' audit | $4,162 |
| Tennis Courts | 4,000 |
| Fire House | 6,200 |
| Tree trimming | 2,000 |

That's a neat little pile of 16,362 American dollars, isn't it?

The Shaff Brothers' audit thing, of course, you are ashamed of and we shouldn't rub that in. It was your own little personal contribution to Carmel's present financial delinquency and bravely you bear that blot on your escutcheon.

As for the firehouse, you let Bernard Rowntree run hog-wild in that. The taxpayers had voted $12,000 for the firehouse in bonds, then you and Rowntree, without the taxpayers being let in on it at all, except at the pay-off, dumped another $6,200 into it.

As for the tennis courts and the tree trimming, you can write your own ticket on those. We're not quibbling so much about them, but it was a lot of money.

"It'll take a long time to pay for the Ocean avenue improvement" fiddlesticks! We're not stuck for that; we're stuck for Everett Smith's two years of running the city council.

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**WE HEAR RUMOR OF ATTEMPT TO INCREASE OUR POLICE DEPARTMENT AGAIN**

We hear the rumor that the business men who are now employing D. E. Nixon as a private night watchman and paying him themselves are planning to drop him. We hear further that negotiations are on between the businessmen and the commissioner of police to have a regular member of the city police department take over the job as part of his police duties.

Up to this point we have not been unduly aroused. We like D. E. and we'd hate to see him lose his job, but we don't pretend to suggest to the business people whom they shall employ and pay with their own money.

As for a regular member of the police department watching the stores at night, there are several arguments in favor of this. It is done pretty generally in other cities and perhaps the Carmel businessmen and women have a right to ask this protection from the city. We aren't prepared to argue that point, either.

But the third part of the rumor does get us up on our ear. We understand that the commissioner of police is flirting with the idea of continuing Leslie Overhulse permanently in his thought-to-be temporary summer job in order that this additional service to the merchants be taken care of.

There we go again. The same old hat trick. Three years ago we woke up one morning to find the police department increased by one man by this sleight-of-hand method. A temporary police officer was put on for the summer and by connivance on the council he stayed on for the winter and he's still on.

THE CYMBAL is unalterably opposed to an increase in the police department. We feel that right now we have one too many policemen in this town and on the morning of the day after Labor Day next month we will have two too many if the present personnel is intact then. It was understood when Overhulse was named for summer traffic duty that he was to stay until after Labor Day. It was argued that he was needed this summer principally because of our increased traffic problem due to drastic parking changes and time-limit parking regulations. Maybe so. But he will not be needed after Labor Day and no subterfuge in this night-watchman business should be permitted to make it seem so.

Many friends and ardent supporters at the last election of Frederick Bechdolt are wondering what has happened to him in this police business. It was the general thought that he would clean up this police department. It was generally thought and fervently hoped that he would get us a real chief of police, one who had particular qualifications for the job, one who could substitute police quality for police numbers.

We have a salary of $175 a month and $15 a month automobile allowance for a chief of police. August Vollmer, up there in Berkeley, would ship us a trained and tried man who would gladly take that pay and give us an efficient, courteous and effective police department. And, we are certain, at considerably less aggregate cost to the city than we are paying now.

THE CYMBAL believes that for several years to come our police department, directed and disciplined by a trained police chief, could operate effectively with a chief and two men during nine months in the year, and a chief and three men for the three months of the summer.

In other words, a real chief of police would save the city considerable money, money that could very well be spent for other pressing needs. And he could give us a police department for which the people of this city would have respect and in which it would have confidence, a situation that most certainly is to be desired and one that most certainly does not exist today.

—W. K. B.

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**ONE DOLLAR brings The Cymbal to you for a whole year no matter where you live in these United States, its territories or possessions.**

## County Tax Up 14 Cents

Today, in session at Salinas, the board of supervisors will adopt the annual budget and decide on the 1938-39 tax rate for Monterey County.

The indications are that the budget, tentatively set, will be accepted. It totals $1,839,526.81, but a balance on hand and estimated revenue from various other sources than taxes will reduce the required amount to be raised to $1,030,371, requiring a tax rate of $1.18. The rate last year was $1.04, so that in all probability we will have an increase this year of 14 cents.

Estimated revenue, other than taxes, referred to above, includes money from state liquor licenses, motor vehicle registrations, gasoline taxes, state and federal welfare aid, fines and clerk and recorder fees. This is estimated at $687,320. The balance on hand in the treasury for the beginning of this new fiscal year is $121,833.

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Gloria Stuart and her husband, Arthur Sheekman, Hollywood screen writer, were re-married last Sunday morning at the Lincoln Steffens house on San Antonio, which they had been occupying during the past week. Judge George P. Ross officiated, and the couple were attended by Mrs. Harlan Kellam of San Francisco.

Reason for the 're-take': A recent California court decision raised a question as to the legality of Mexican ceremonies for non-residents of that country. Gloria and Sheekman were married four years ago in Agua Caliente. They have a three-year-old daughter.

The Sheekmans returned to Hollywood after the ceremony.

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Albert Van Houtte, globe-trotter, drama writer, poesy composer and actor, is back in town after several gallops across the ocean and, we guess, around the world. He's in the "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" cast at the First Theater. They enaked him as he came over the Carmel Hill. He has written a play, he says, and it's good, he says also. He wanted us to read it. We refused. We wouldn't be surprised if it landed on Broadway or in Covent Garden, or some place, just because we were snooty about it. Anyway, Van Houtte is back, and can be seen and interviewed anytime on Ocean avenue.


*If . . .*

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN IN

*Whitney's*

YOU HAVEN'T DONE

CARMEL

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In the heart of the village . . . in more ways than one

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BREAKFAST • LUNCH
DINNER

*Liquor . . . if you like*


**CARMELO FARM CENTER NEWS SHOWS ACTIVITIES**

One of the most active and interesting movements in the county is the home department of the California State Farm Bureau, which functions through 13 or 14 centers, scattered here and there at various points throughout the county. Miss Anne Olson is the home demonstrator, and a very popular one, too. Once a month she calls a county committee meeting at the Salinas courthouse, and representatives of the various farm centers meet, make plans and solve problems having to do with farm and ranch life. The Carmelo Farm Center meets once a month, too. Mrs. George Koch is chairman; Mrs. Roy Martin, vice-chairman; and Mrs. Hatton Martin, secretary. These officers were elected at the August meeting which took place the first Tuesday of the month, as is the custom. This one happened to be a picnic meeting at the old barbecue grounds on the Schulte Ranch. About 21 members met there at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, enjoying a picnic lunch before settling down to the real business of the day.

The September meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Harry Fry in Robles del Rio. The topic at this time will be "Fall Fashion Trends and Re-Styling of Garments." Anne Olson will lecture and demonstrate and a dessert luncheon will be enjoyed beforehand. This meeting falls on the sixth, and is open to the public.

Project leaders of the various centers meet in Salinas on occasion for necessary discussion. Mrs. George Koch and Mrs. D. W. Starrett of Robles del Rio attended the last one which was concerned with fire protection and was termed "Safety in the Home."

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In Carmel Everybody Reads The Cymbal.


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TOM SAWYER

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MONTEREY COUNTY
Election, August 30

FALL OPENING
TODAY
HOLMAN'S BOOTERY
In Our NEW LOCATION
at
409 Alvarado Street
Monterey

## Cast Selected For New Play By Players

The Carmel Players are prepared to present "Yes, My Darling Daughter" on the stage of the Sunset Auditorium on September 2, 3 and 4. Mark Reed wrote the play and Mrs. Burton James is directing it. She has chosen for her cast Rosalie James, Janet Large, Marian Todd, Marion Howes, Eugene Watson, Del Page and Richard Bare.

All of the players are very happy under Mrs. James' able direction. Her methods leave no doubt in each player's mind as to what is required of him or her, and there seems to be little waste of time, temper or talk.

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## Two-Part Singers Here Tuesday

Viola Morris and Victoria Anderson, noted English two-part singers, will be presented by the Denny-Watrous management in a recital in the Filmarte Theatre next Tuesday evening, August 23. Benjamin Moore, distinguished San Francisco pianist, will be at the piano.

No singers who have appeared in Carmel in recital have more delighted their audiences than did Miss Morris and Miss Anderson in their May concert here in Pine Inn and as soloists of the Bach Festival. Their return engagement is in response to genuine demand.

Tuesdays's program features not only the duet singing, but solos as well. The full program includes "Though Your Strangeness," Robbert Jones; "It Was a Lover and His Lass," Thos. Morley; "Ich Denke Dein," Schumann; "Schon Blumelein," Schumann, Miss Morris and Miss Anderson; "Care Selve," Handel; "Standchen," Strauss; "My Lovely Celia," George Monro; "O, No, John," English air, Viola Morris; "Dirge for Fidele," Vaughan Williams; "The Graceful Swaying Wattle," Frank Bridge; "I Loved a Lass," G. Williams; "The Sea Garden," Dunhill; "My Bonny Lass," Thimann, Miss Morris and Miss Anderson; "In Questa Tomba Obscura," Beethoven; "Waldeinsamkeit," Reger; "Think on Me," old Scotch; "Over the Mountains," old English, Miss Anderson; "Afton Water," "Cherry Ripe," "Turn Ye to Me," "Manx Spinning Song," old folk airs, Miss Morris and Miss Anderson.

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### CATLIN TO DEMONSTRATE FOR CRAFTSMEN GUILD

John Catlin of the Forge in the Forest, our one-time blacksmith-mayor, will demonstrate the art of carving in stone before an informal audience of passers-by in the Court of the Golden Bough on Ocean avenue. He will be there next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

It might be wise to decide definitely right now that you should be there that afternoon. John Catlin is not only an artistic and competent craftsman, but a good showman as well. He has been promising this demonstration of his art for a long time, but difficulty in finding just the right stone on which to work has held him up. Now the stone is found and the date set. This is being done under the auspices of the Carmel Guild of Craftsmen whose shop is in this same court. The shop is open to visitors and you will see some interesting things on display.

## Don't Let Allen Griffin Spoof You

(Continued from Page One

and construct our own high school. In other words, we would be unable, no matter how great our community growth, to have a high school in our own district unless we were willing to pay the normal cost of such a school AND an additional 13 cents tax each year for the Monterey High School.

So, you see, the editor of the *Peninsula Herald*, spokesman for the group over in Monterey which wants a million-dollar high school plant, and particularly wants it on these 47 acres of land which the trustees have already been led to complete negotiations for, is not giving you a clear picture of the situation, even arithmetically he isn't. He precisely doesn't want it to appear that you can have a high school of your own here in Carmel and have it at a lesser cost than not having it.

He, and the group behind him, do not want the Sunset District to secede from the Monterey Union High School district because such secession means that the proposed million-dollar high school project over there would be impossible. Withdrawing from the Monterey district we would withdraw $9,000,000 in assessed valuations from the $32,000,000 now in the district. At the same time we would be withdrawing only about 128 students from the school out of an enrollment of 1072. We would therefore cut down little the cost of operation, but great the income to operate—at the present tax rate. To raise enough money from a $23,000,000 assessment to construct and operate a million-dollar plant would mean a prohibitive tax rate in the Monterey Union High School district.

So, don't let Allen Griffin spoof you. Sign the Carmel high school petition and by so doing you will accomplish either one of two things that will be to your advantage. You will force the Monterey district to give up its extravagant plans for a million-dollar plant or, if it is determined to go ahead with them, you will be able to establish a high school district of your own. Either way your tax cost will go down.

—W. K. Bassett

## Ericourt Was Just Too Heavy—Then Again, He Was Just Too Light

Heralded as a pianist of "Horowitzian" proportions and sponsored by an imposing list of socialites which included Charles Chaplin, Daniel Ericourt, French pianist, was presented to a Carmel audience by the Denny-Watrous management. Most of Carmel's serious piano students were present and it is to be hoped profited by the experience.

Ericourt opened the program with two sonatas by Scarlatti, and continued with a group of Bach arrangements culminating with the rarely-played variations Weinen Klagen-Sorgen-Sagen of Bach-Liszt.

Ericourt is the possessor of a very dexterous right hand and astonished many of his listeners with the speed and agility of this member. This was especially notable in the Bach-Busoni organ choral. However, I found the minuet of Bach, arranged by Egon Petri, the most satisfactory number of the group, and really think that if Ericourt strove less for effect and concentrated more on a controlled balance of tone and consistent phrasing, his playing would gain considerably.

The Waldstein Sonata proved a little more successful and the second movement had moments of really fine playing. However, I cannot forgive Ericourt for dragging out the last movement as he did. It was played much too slowly.

A group by Chopin followed. Ericourt is really a great piano talent, but for some reason feels that it is necessary to exaggerate in order to impress an audience. As a result, everything he played was either too fast or too slow, too loud or too soft. If he worked to astonish us with his remarkable right hand, his left hand faded into the background with admiring discretion. As a result, the balance was lost.

After the intermission, Ericourt played Debussy and Ravel. Once again his effects were forced and, as a result, suffered.

The program concluded with the Ravel "Fire Dance." Although played with great bravura, it failed to impress due to the pianist's visible efforts to over-emphasize.

Ericourt, as I have already stated, is a pianist of great natural talents. If he could only forget his audience I feel sure that his playing would improve, as there were moments during his concert of really fine piano playing.

—Michel Maskiewitz

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### SUSAN PORTER BACK WITH GOOD NEWS OF VALENTINE

Susan Porter is home. She went East in May to attend the graduation of her daughter, Valentine, from Radcliffe College and stayed until Valentine was about to take up her new position with *Vogue* in New York. You remember, Valentine won the *Vogue* essay contest, coming out ahead of about a million entries from about every college in the country. The prize was a year's work on the staff of *Vogue*, half of it in New York and the other half in Paris, with the chance of becoming a permanent member of the staff of that internationally known magazine.

Valentine started work the first of August and, according to her mother, is immensely enjoying the new experience. Her first assignment was an article on English setters which will appear in the September first issue of *Vogue*, and it looks as if she would be writing on a wide range of subjects from now on.

Mrs. Porter is house-guest for a few days of Mrs. Burton Williams' at Dolores and Santa Lucia.

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**The Cymbal's net paid circulation in the Carmel area is greater than that of any newspaper, daily or weekly, circulated here.**

Two Sizes 49c and 79c

HOLMAN'S

main floor • near the door

## School To Open Monday Week

Sunset School opens its doors for the 1938-39 term August 29, a week from next Monday.

Four new teachers have been added to the faculty. Mrs. Helen Wood, who was secretary in the office at Sunset School last year, will teach in the second grade. Mrs. Wood is a graduate of Fresno State College and has taken graduate work at the University of California.

Clifford O. Squier comes from Willows. He has had six years teaching experience, is a graduate of Chico State College, and comes with fine qualifications. Squier will teach a combination of sixth and seventh grades and will help with athletics.

Miss Eleteth McQuilkin from San Jose State, who got her practice teaching at Sunset School, is taking over the first grade classes. Miss McQuilkin comes with high credentials.

Miss Grace Knoles, also from San Jose State College, will take over the music, both vocal and instrumental, carried on so ably by Miss Madeline Curley.

Work on the new classroom has been somewhat delayed. This necessitated a temporary re-arrangement, so the lunch room will be utilized as a class room until the new one is ready, which it is hoped will be in November.

Otto W. Bardarson, superintendent, reports no changes or innovations as regards the curriculum. The faculty as a whole will conduct a study of curriculum practices and valuation of the work done at Sunset School. This study will be divided into groups. There will be the primary group, dealing with problems peculiar to that level; the intermediate group, dealing with problems peculiar to the intermediate level, and the upper group, dealing with problems peculiar to that level.

+ + +

Contract has been let for construction of a reinforced concrete box girder bridge across the South Eel River about 9 miles northeast of Longvale, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club. The structure will consist of one 95-foot span, two 84-foot spans, and two 28-foot cantilever spans, on concrete piers to be constructed and about ¼ mile of approach roadway to be graded.

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## Douglas School Girls Off on Pack Trip

Sixteen girls from Douglas School summer camp, complete with horse and bed roll, left Wednesday morning for a two-weeks' pack trip that will take them up the Carmel Valley to the San Clemente dam, over the Cachagua grade into Pine Valley, through the Madera Ranch, circling down through the mountains and coming back through the valley of the Sur to the coast again. With them is Dick Collins, Miss Eilza Jones, school nurse, Miss Jerry Flint, the chef and four helpers, and four pack horses. Participating in this outdoor adventure of sun and moon and stars, earth and water, firelight and wild-life, are Edith and Marie Elizalde of Carmel, Lucille Joyce, Patty Grant, Delphine Payne, Diane Markey (mother is Joan Bennett), Claire McIntosh of Beverly Hills; Jacqueline Lankershim, Patricia Lane and Patsy Ford of Los Angeles; Joan and Nancy Schmoele of Pasadena; Patricia Zeiser of Westwood, and Marion Barlow of Sierra Madre.

Anne Paulson of Beverly Hills went home from the summer camp with about six trophies hanging to her belt. She won the All-Round Athletic Award, a championship award in tennis, archery, riflery and swimming. The swimming competition included 20 classes of races: free styles, width for form, medley race, kick and scull, flutter kick, distance, and diving events.

George Taubman from Long Beach won the All-Round Athletic Award for boys, and Alfred Gardner of Carmel won the same award in the junior class. Patty Grant of Los Angeles won the riding championship.

Perhaps the most interesting and highly valued award of them all is the citizenship award which is determined by the students. They cast their votes for the one they think has the qualities that go to make a good citizen. Patty Mattes Los Angeles won this honor among the girls, and Seth (Smokey) Jackson of Atwater won it among the boys. The awards were given after the banquet last Monday night at which 125 guests, campers and staff members celebrated the closing of the summer camp season.

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**CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS—They go places, are seen by people, accomplish great things.**

## THIS THING AND THAT

IDLE IDYLL
or
Well, anyway, not here.

*Oh yonder lies the wide wide sea,*
*And yonder roaring billows;*
*And here upon the sand there lie*
*Fair dames upon their pillows.*

Excursion steamers spew forth smoke
In wispy sprays and coils;
Sweet Gwendolyn upon the strand
Besmears herself with oils.

Beside her side Adonis' son
In shorts of flowered batik
Tunes in his set to get the Met—
And gets instead some static.

A portly man with poker pan
Fastens fishy eyes on
A Bronx brunette in brocade pants
And strapless thing that ties on.

Soda pop and peanut shells
Strew about complacent;
Officer Murphy walks his beat
To spot what isn't dacent.

*Blue, oh blue is Neptune's realm,*
*And Zeus's even more so;*
*Young maidens stretch upon the beach*
*A-sunning of their torso.*

—EDITH FRISBIE

## Two Shakespeare Plays Now In Rehearsal

"Twelfth Night" and "Romeo and Juliet" are being rehearsed by the Carmel Shakespeare Company under the leadership of Bert Heron. Rehearsals are held in the Forest Theater every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 4. Members of the group we list for you as follows: Barbara Bare, Genevieve Butterfield, Frank Dickinson, Edith Frisbie, Virginia Garrett, Alex Gibson, Herbert Heron, Jake Kenney, James Morgan, Boice Richardson, Seth Ullman, Edith Wallace, Virginia Webb and Margaret Woodburn.

If you are interested in Shakespeare and would like to work towards the establishment of a permanent Shakespeare Festival, you would be welcomed in this group. There is a lot of work connected with it. Taking a part in one of the plays isn't half the story.

\+ + +

La Collecta held its meeting on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Inies Warren. The meeting was made the occasion of a birthday celebration for Mrs. Louise Rask, who is 82 years old today. Mrs. Warren provided a birthday cake with '82 years young' written on it in frosting. All the members joined in giving her a card table as a gift. There were 13 members present and one guest, Mrs. W. W. McKee, wife of the new pastor of Carmel Community Church. Mrs. A. B. Crouch gave the program, which was on "Memories." She spoke on her earliest childhood memories, and her life in Little Washington, Pennsylvania, and in Calgary, Alberta.

The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Doris Haskell on September 7. Mrs. C. Newton will give the program, the subject to be on "Antiques and Quilting." At the roll call each member has to bring an antique and be prepared to say a few words about it.

## Crack Golfers At Del Monte Next Week

An impressive array of golfers, movie stars and other celebrities are gathering at Del Monte for the big week of golf which gets under way Monday and continues through Sunday.

Big Week includes the California State Amateur Golf championship, the California State Handicap, Del Monte Women's championship and North and South tournaments in connection with these events.

Roger Kelly will be the defending champion in the California Amateur championship. Among his opponents will be young Frank "Bud" Taylor, who, with his mother and father, has taken a Carmel house until after the tournament.

Outstanding local players who have entered include "Bud" Brownell, the Monterey Peninsula Country Club champion; Bill Heron, Warner Keeley, Floyd MacFarlane, and Glenn C. Littlefield.

Adding color to the men's championship is the entry of Ellsworth Vines, who has temporarily forsaken tennis in favor of golf and is said to be developing into a remarkably fine player. Reservations for him and party of eight have been made in Carmel for Big Week.

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Edda Mae Heath, well known Carmel artist and treasurer of the Carmel Art Association, is in Paso Robles for three weeks. Her mother, Mrs. Anna Edith Heath, is with her.

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## $120,000 Total For Mission Tract Homes

Byington Ford and Corum Jackson, hanging out at the Carmel Realty Company, are pointing with pride in the particular direction of the Mission Tract which the company put on the market scarcely two years ago. Corum has figures which say that 15 houses, with an aggregate cost of $120,000, have been erected there or are at this writing being erected there. He also remarks, but does not include in his figures, being as how he's conservative, that two other homes are to be started within the month, adding about $12,000 to the total cost of Mission Tract improvements to date.

Even now, in the course of construction—either just started, right in the middle of building, or awaiting the final sandpapering—are homes for Mrs. Marie Elizalde of Pebble Beach, Mrs. J. D. Turner of Stockton, Carl Bensberg of Carmel, DeWitt Appleton of Carmel, George C. Payne of San Jose and Tirey L. Ford of San Francisco.

Incidentally, and quite importantly, James O. Greenan, of Carmel and all points up and down the China coast and the Malay peninsula, has bought a two-acre tract on a knoll in the Walker Tract, across the road from Carmel Mission, and intends thereon to build a $20,000 home designed for him by Jon Konigshofer.

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### LE BARRIE STUDIO STARTS EXERCISES FOR WOMEN

Barrie O'Shea of the Le Barrie Studios is giving a class of exercise and ballet to women. It's for reducing, for poise, and for putting the body into condition. It isn't expensive, and he'd like a few more in his class. It happens every Tuesday night from 7 to 8 o'clock at the Green Room on Casanova.

The Le Barrie Studios, contrary to previous announcement, will continue their work at the Green Room, on Mondays and Tuesdays as usual.

### ROBERTA BALFOUR HERE; HAS TWO WATER COLOR EXHIBITS IN SOUTH

Roberta Balfour, water colorist, who has been down in Hollywood since last winter, is back in Carmel and is living in the Thudichum cabin. In the south she had two exhibitions of her work at the Frances Graves Gallery in Santa Barbara and at the present time is exhibiting at the Frances Webb Gallery in Los Angeles. Miss Balfour is working constantly down at the Monterey waterfront these days. The old wharf in Monterey is soon to be destroyed and she is putting as much of it as she can into her very special method of painting. In Hollywood, Miss Balfour was the guest of Dr. Adele Lauthe, well-known pianist.

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# CLANGING CYMBALS

*PARTINGTON CANYON*

When I rolled under the barbed wire I scraped one shin on the miserable detrital of California and the hot sun at the mouth of the canyon made it smart a little. I remember being unreasonably annoyed. But then, I was tired anyhow and someone had dragged me into this thing. Would you like to ride up to Sam's? And I had said Yes in that weak way you have when you've nothing else to do and don't care much. It was one of those confused times we all have when something has ended and we don't know where to begin again. I'd been thinking of going back to New York, but somehow it didn't seem right just then. That made the shin smart.

When we had gone the short distance from the new road to where the old one ran down into the gorge, we came to the edge of Partington Canyon. It hadn't seemed to me that anything could be like that, really. You've come along the beautiful brilliant roadway that incises the shanks of the mountains, with the silver and galalith sea at your right hand and the beaten bronze sere mountains on your left and all the way from Carmel the magnitude, the thrumming of the terrific copulate beauty has mounted in you until it is beyond your emotions; much too vast and inhuman. But now, suddenly, there is something different. There is the canyon.

Without any warning, you have left the cantankerous dry earth and have entered a shadow. Under your feet a billion needles have been overlaid to comfort your going and the spoor of the quick beasts. The water, green from the high ridge and filtered by this sweet black earth, rushing its boulders. I saw the ferns' beguiling hands gesture higher than my head, doing their slow minuet around the disdainful rocks and under them the small green things complacent, roguish. I put my hand against the bark of a tree and looked up. It went on and on until it was no longer tree but the immense symbol of this immense land . . . the redwood with its thousand hearts, its mercies beyond mercy, its mysteries by the hither side of mystery. And it was not a minute . . . not a second . . . not time at all, but an inscrutable, an irrefutable, transportation, by which things horal and seasonal, affairs and vanities and the false mutabilities of the human heart, had all vanished. Since childhood, no peace had been like this. Since the time when in the midst of the first tragedies, my mother drew me to her and smiled without laughing.

So let us linger a moment in this peace, for we shall not see it again today. We are going up the mountain and such peculiar grace lies at their feet and sometimes on their rugate old ridges but hardly in between. Here, at the mouth of Partington, an old redwood lies fallen, betrayed by the footless earth. His kind has two Judases; this faithless mould that overlies the treacherous flesh of California, and the ax. But this one has come down one winter day in a storm when the gorge, eructing vehement torrent in the vehement lashing of the winds, has sprewed him up of her belly. How I should have loved to see it . . . the fierce swaying dance in the gale . . . his feet released at last after their centuries thrall . . . his arms in their fantastic posturings about peripheries of space . . . the inane screeching gods, littler than he, prancing at his elbows. What death! And then the groan, the wild crashing, the stunned earth . . . the settling . . . the stillness. The immortal stillness, where the delicate fern fronds crawl now on his untortured tegument that knew the sharpening of a grizzly's claws; and the little spiders weave their webs. Where, out of his precarious but still prepotent roothold in the earth, his lusty spores have grown, and the waters of the gorge flow by his ears to rumor to his spirit the tales he was once too tall to hear. Perhaps, who can tell, he is glad to know that his fellows can no longer love him for his riches alone, but for the commonalty of death.

* * *

But we must get on. Sam's horses, tethered to the beeches and swishing flies are somewhat blasé at our emotions. Since they were foaled up there on the Partington Ranch, they've seen this beauty come and go, and at the end of the trail is the cool spring under the giant bay tree and the nuzzling.

At once the trail goes up. Ahead of us it winds beckoningly, like the old Greek signal of welcome . . . come closer. Closer. Closer. An excitement grows steadily in you, overtaking the sense of peace, denying all statics gradually to affirm all dynamics. You want to sing. You want to hurry and you watch with some impatience the tread of your mountain nag. Pesky old slow thing, putting one foot cautiously before the other like an old maid finickily at a tea. Close at your right hand—you could touch it—is the upgoing dalle of the gorge, spitting a little cold trickle now and then through numberless mouths haired daintily with five-fingered ferns. Where the trail has been cut, you will see the old tree roots exposed, clutching their boulders, tormented by the loose footholds of this country.

The loose footholds. For now you suddenly look over your left shoulder and incredibly down, breathlessly down, is the bottom of the gorge. You hadn't noticed it . . . you can't believe it. It sucks in your belly with a sudden fear . . . but you are foolish if you aren't afraid. At first. Stop! you wish to cry. Let me off! Then you see your old mountain-sure nag, placing his feet one-half step at a time now. He makes a kind of swing rhythm, trucking you so that you feel it sinuating your hipjoints. You wish to laugh, to be hysterical for a minute. When you come to a ledge in the trail and your horse stops and considers and for a moment refuses altogether to move, and you look down thirteen hundred feet, *straight down,* then you won't know whether you've screamed or not, but it is to be hoped you haven't. If it's your first trip up, it's quite natural to want to, but the Emily Post of the Mountain Trails says it's bad taste, but really. Says that instead of screaming you must help your mount by leaning a little out over the abyss to help him keep his balance.

So you thought this was an easy country, did you? You thought, How wonderful to drive along the highway in safety and see the magnificence! How lovely the calm mouth of the gorge! You got to thinking from your plush bottom, did you? Well, think now of the hard disdainful land where if you roll to the bottom of the gorge with your horse on top of you, not a stone will move over to give you place. No crevice will open to let you smell the sun. No rock melt to receive your pillowed head. Think thus; and if this thing should happen to me, what then? For if I were alone here and died five days down there where everything grew fainter in my eyes but the shadows of the redheaded buzzards circling lower, what is my agony to agony . . . are five days Time? If, thinking thus, you can look down and see the frosty purple glitter of the water, the thin peaked ruggle of the new bay leaf; if then your heart laughs at the swift splashing of the bluejay across the mottled shade, you've earned a little place here. You've fallen heir to Partington Canyon—joint heir with Sam Trotter and the great trees whose tops lie now far, far below. For Partington is the greatest of the gorges, three-forked and mighty, and your ego is to him a little fertilizer, as the droppings of the birds.

* * *

I am going to tell a story here which I heard long ago from an old Indian woman. It is about another canyon, whose name I have forgot, and she is dead. But I think of it when I think of Partington, partly because the people in it were Maine people, as the Partingtons were; partly because it seems to belong here.

In the middle of the last century when the land was free for the taking, and the tracks of the grizzly lay along your cabin side, a sturdy farmer from Maine brought his fragile bride along the ridges one day, looking for likely settling. She rode a little behind, and silent. For he was a godfearing man from Maine and when he had seen his hired man look too hotly at her bare throat one day, he had found lust in his house. Lust other than his own. Conning his Good Book, he had seen it clear that lust lay in her heart, also, and that she had sinned thus against him. So he made a great Maineman's vow that he would take her beyond other men's lusts to keep her for his own.

Thus they arrived one morning at the head of one of the gorges and homesteaded there. It was in his oath that she should never speak to him again unless he first spoke. Thus his covenant with God, until God himself should see fit to release his errant woman, though being a hard man and one of few words, he saw no reason for the discontinuance of the pact.

They lived so in their cabin on the hilltop, she dutiful and even loving; making him a home with pigs' bladders for windows and bear grease tallow for the reading of his Book.

But even in this place there was an occasional man and the disease of his jealousy smote him continuously. It so lurked in those interstices of the mind where great and foul creations alike have birth, that he formed there the likeness of another man silently pursuing his wife. Sometimes it was not quite clear to him whether it was the former one, the hired man, who had followed them, or another. But he went armed hostilely against all men and the sharp edge of his wife's daily dutifulness smote upon and set a-smouldering his fierce desires.

In the second year of their sojourn here, and she nearing the time of her first child, they were riding a mountain trail one day when her horse slipped and fell with her into the deep gorge. Astride his big stallion the husband watched. He saw them go over and over and over, saw the hand of the just God smiting her for the lust of women. He saw himself justified in his own eyes and amplified in his God's. He sat still on his horse.

But just as he was about to move off and leave her there, he saw a man come from no particular place at all and approach the still woman. The man from Maine lifted his gun. But as he did, he saw on the other's outstretched palms the red wounds.

She was not dead when he reached her, though her child was. He carried her broken, tenderly up the mountain and laying her in her bed, nursed her back to life. It is said that henceforth she never walked, but that he carried her everywhere, crooning to her, and she laughing in happiness. Wherever she wanted to go, the most impossible ascents to grasp the beauty, to parties where the few mountain folk gathered—there he took her in his arms, both merrily, as lovers.

Well, as I say, I don't know exactly where that story belongs, but it is like Partington. It might have happened there.

* * *

We have ascended the first ridge and gone down to cross the waters of the South Fork. Then up again to the near-headwaters of the middle stream for our lunch. When you dismount your horse's flanks are darkened with sweat and there is sweat along the small of your back. Now we are nearly up into the sun, held incommunicado by the pinguid pink hill over us, lying there with her head on her elbows, a-watch of her lover the sea. We are silent and we are hungry and a little ecstasy lies coursing along our veins. Here the redwoods are smaller and the bay that shelters us could not be spanned by ten men at its bole. The great discantist has set his wings abroad on the day, whipping up fog on the horizon and curdling the tops of the trees. For us, a gust of wind; for the two golden-winged hawks beneath, the trail, the roadway marked with signposts . . . dangerous but passable . . . detour. We watch them, hear their remote screaming, see one drop plummet to the prey. And in the silence, we are aware of the moving mystery of all the life about us. The life that isn't human, but still divine, making also its own doxology under the leaves and where the chapparal grows.

Perhaps the curious kitten has ventured at the sound of our voices, feeling suddenly the great soft paw of its lion mother catch it back to safety as she blinks the noonday. The small brown bear mouthing his slumbers. The beautiful little deer, so delicate for this hulking land, with their noses tucked under their hind legs, their tall ears feeling, waiting for evening and the grass to cool. Suddenly it all comes to life . . . its vehement secrecy, as if you must partake of it. As if you must tear it apart and hear it beat.

Your horse paws the ground. What the hell? he says out of the corner of his eye. You get up and shake the crumbs. Already the fog has touched the tops of the big trees below, fingering them as a woman fingers silk.

* * *

When the sun is ready and preening for entrance to Asia, you come to Sam's house. And Sam. But go now, quickly. For never again will you find it as I have found it this summer. Now the great high lands of Partington Ridge are to be cut up into house-lots and sold. Now that place where Sam is Patriarch, where the unbelievable mountains sweep off to the north and to the south as a goddess' handmaiden curtseying to Frigga, the sky sheen; the place than which no further grandeurs could be sought; this place will go to those who have not earned a crust of it, unless by subservience the rest of their lives they prove themselves its patient lessors. Even then, Partington Canyon and Partington Ridge will be Sam's place. Long after the dotted lines are smeared with ink and the architects go about Partington Ridge like ants with houses a hundred times their size in their mouths; when women with Elizabeth Arden souls blow their sweetish breath down the inscandent hills where the lazy rattlesnakes lie and their men look over their round little bellies to an uncomplacent sea; when the ashes of Today have blown off on the long winds to Marble Peak and the conical Ventanas, Sam will remain. I can see Sam now, on some for doomsday, standing like Samson between two of his redwoods, his hair going northwest in the last wind on earth, laughing his great laugh and pushing at the pillars that will bring the world tumbling around the coifed heads of little men.

This is no place to tell the story of Sam Trotter. But neither can it be entirely overlooked. For Sam is a giant of a man, commensurable in size with the canyon itself and with the trees he has spent his life handling. When Sam went down to Partington to haul out tanbark in the latter part of last century, he took his bride and a full set of woodsman's tools with him. They tell how he was a great one for jollification; how, when there was a dance down at Bixby's or over at the Cooper Place, Sam would gather all the neighbors in his wagon and fill his pockets with knives and forks and suchlike needed things and go roaring off to dance as nimbly as a girl. His trade was getting out wood for one purpose or another. When his mules came in in the Fall, you could punch them in the kidney and they wouldn't wince, yet none hauled heavier loads of bark down the rough road to the landing. When the freighter had put into the narrow cove where it was to be loaded and a storm came unaware, Sam would stand with a great pole and singlehanded keep the ship from breaking up on the rocks. They say when he spliced a redwood tree it was not a man working, but a force. And these things I well believe, for yesterday I sat and talked with Sam about one thing and another, and as we talked, he grew bigger and bigger in my sight, until he was not a man at all, but a myth; one of the remaining symbols of something that is fast disappearing from this earth; the man who has wrestled with his hands against the naked slippery world and has come to an agreement with it.

* * *

So I walked down from Sam's place alone in the evening. Underneath the wraiths of fog, fifteen hundred feet below, a light wind scuffled the thin surface of the sea into goblets of foam. From the stacks of hay, as I passed down the ridge a flock of mourning doves lifted like a lover's whisper in the fog and seven deer moved to let me pass. What of the morning, then, its doubts, its passions? Here the facets of ecstasy multiply, making new covenants, prismatic promises that though we fear, drink sun's polluted potion, run blind in singletrees of sin, yet will these certainties return increased, again, offerant over our dead horizons.

Then I knew that by some right I, even I also, possessed this land. By solitude and acceptance and the beak of the buzzard in the eye socket, I am signatory to its deed, nor caring to know how reads the other name. —LYNDA SARGENT

## "The wittles is up!"

What I didn't know about Spanish or Mexican cooking before I came out to California about 15 years ago would have filled all the books that have since been written about it. I suppose I had heard of "tamale" and "tortilla" but I am quite sure I had no idea what the words stood for. There were, in fact, a lot of things I didn't know when I left the mildly-seasoned food of the East and the flat country around Philadelphia to cross the continent for the first time. I didn't know how it felt to have your purse weighed down with huge silver dollars instead of paper money . . . I didn't know that a February sky could be so clear and deeply blue . . . I didn't know what a country almost without rain or the green of grass and trees was like . . .

One of my high school chums was married to a mining engineer living in a copper mine settlement in the mountains of Arizona, and it was my short visit to her that filled up a few of the gaps in my knowledge of the West and gave me my first taste of Mexican food. To get to her I had my first expeience in driving on mountain roads What that road from Superior to Ray is like now I don't know! Then it was a narrow, rocky, hummocky, rough road, hardly more than a trail in spots. It squirmed its way in among the bleak, arid mountains, crawling inch by inch up steep inclines, sliding down into one sharp turn after another, or clinging to the sides of rocky cliffs with no room to pass anything. Sometimes it tamely plowed through sandy stretches down beside the dry beds of creeks bordered with dusty cottonwoods, then climbed again, up and up until on all sides, stretching away to the incredible blue of the sky you could see nothing but layers of sharp pointed peaks, a treeless, manless mountain wilderness. Coming as I had, right from the center of a crowded city, as flat as a pancake, I was utterly amazed and appalled. I was the only passenger in the stage, which was simply an old open touring car, and when I wasn't gasping at the wheels skidding on loose gravel a few inches from the edge of a precipice I was fervently wishing that my nonchalant driver wouldn't keep lighting cigarettes just as we swung around the worst hairpin curves. By the time we started on the last steep down grade to our destination I felt that if we had to make another sharp turn I should burst into ignominious tears, so tightly screwed up were my nerves from the hours of hair-raising driving and breath-taking scenery.

The two days I spent in Ray were full of new experiences. It was a little different from what we had planned by letter. The first night my friend excused herself and retired apologetically to the company hospital to give birth to a baby daughter. This put the entertaining of the inconvenient Eastern tenderfoot up to other hands and three substitutes combined to show me the sights. My friend's husband gave me my first experience at going down in a big mine; her little son skipped me around on the steep hillsides and told me about rattlesnakes, and her friend, the wife of the manager of the company's golf club (which had only nine holes, that being the limit of level ground available) introduced me to Mexican food.

Visiting the home of the Frenches was an experience in itself. It was stuck precariously on the steep side of the valley, like all the other homes of the families connected with the mine. Outside, it looked like what I, in my effete Eastern experience, would have called a "shack," for it was just a low flat-roofed building of corrugated iron. Inside, to my great astonishment, it was almost a museum of beautiful polished mahogany colonial furniture, with rugs and old china to match. It was utterly incongruous, this bit of authentic Beacon Hill interior housed in a corrugated iron shack among the dry brown boulders of a mining town in Arizona . . . but it was also utterly charming and delightful.

In the afternoon I was taken by automobile high up in the mountains back of Ray where there was a little Mexican town called Sonora. Here in a primitive sort of eating house I was allowed to watch the complicated process of preparing the tamales and enchiladas which we took back to Ray with us for the dinner planned for my education in Mexican food. I had certainly never eaten anything of the kind before and in the cooking I had been brought up on a little pepper went a long, long way. Sometimes I think if I had been broken in a little more gradually I might have acquired a taste for these spicy dishes but to make a whole meal of nothing but tamales and enchiladas and tortillas was a little too much for me. The feast was all in my honor, of course, and I was obviously expected to enjoy the food both because and in spite of its novelty. Well, I did my best, which wasn't very convincing, I fear, but my stomach, poor tenderfoot, couldn't take it. That night and the next day it protested vigorously at what I had let it in for!

Since then, however, I have learned that there is a lot more to Mexican and Spanish cooking than tamales and enchiladas, much of it which even I can enjoy. And of all cook books the most fascinating and colorful to read, just for pleasure, is one on Spanish food. I've just been browsing through a new cook book of this kind, appropriately named "Olla Podrida" which means a pot continually full of good rich spicy food. It carries the subtitle, "Piquant Spanish dishes from the Old Clay Pot," is written by Elinor Burt and published by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho.

Spanish, Mexican and Latin-American cooking are thoroughly dealt with and in the last-named section is an extremely attractive chapter on Creole cookery, which is a blend of French and Spanish influences on our native southern food preparation. You can see that the book covers a lot of territory. Included also are departments devoted to Guest Menus, Spanish Quick Meals, Suitable Garnishes, Helps and Hints—all practical, accurate and stimulating to the imagination At the end of the book is one of the most comprehensive indices I have ever seen in a cook book.

"Olla Podrida" is beautifully printed in large, clear type, certainly a desirable feature in a cook book. Like all books put out by the Caxton Printers it is handbound, making it sturdy and practical as well as exquisitely finished. The jacket design is particularly attractive with its combination of tile color and yellow suggesting Mexican pottery full of spicy foods cooking under the hot Mexican sun . . .

—CONSTANT EATER

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## Scavenger Hunt Wednesday

Last week we told you that David Eldridge had set a date for the scavenger hunt at the Mission Ranch Club that we have been yelling and screaming for all summer. We also named the committee in charge.

This week plans are well under way. Last Friday that same committee, aided and abetted by Eldridge and Arthur Pitcaithley (you can smell the heather in *that* name) sat out on the lawn down there at the Mission Ranch and devised ways and means of making this party the really high spot, as far as fun goes, of the season. Imaginations were allowed to run free and unhampered. Memories of previous scavenger hunts were pooled and the result was partly retained, partly discarded, added to, checked and double-checked. The party is to start promptly at 7:30 p.m., and this is important. We all must start out at the same time and return within the specified time limit in order to make the competition fair to the contenders. The prizes are really going to be good. Afterwards we shall dance to music, and there will be some of the old-time square dances with David to call them out. He volunteered to do this, and we have an idea he's an old dance-caller-outer from way back. And then we eat. The food will be in keeping with the blue jeans and overalls we'll all be wearing . . . the kind of food we wouldn't be eating if we were dressed in formals, but mighty sustaining. And, boy! . . you'll need something sustaining after you get back from that hunt.

If you're not a member and want to go, call someone who is and they'll get you an invitation. Or you'll find that any Carmel realtor or hotel will be glad to sign a guest card for you. It's supposed to be a private party, but I wouldn't let that stop you. Not if I were you.

Miriam Watson has been kept very busy this summer with her classes in tennis and swimming down at the Mission Ranch. Among those taking their tennis very seriously is Rollie Boynton, Carmeling from Pasadena; Janet Gibson of San Francisco; Mrs. Paul Verchamp of Hollywood; Charlotte Downey of Sacramento, and Mrs. Joan Luck and Suzanne Watson of Carmel.

Miriam has a children's class in swimming at the pool, and her pupils are John and Joan Gallegos of Stockton, Sheila Stanton from Burlingame, Richard and Anne Hiatt from Modesto, and the local and near-local members, John and Caroline McEnery and Joseph and Merriel Glasgow of Monterey, Adela Marie Thompson, Donald Poulsen and Burbank Colomy of Carmel.

Last Monday night the usual evening of bridge at the Mission Ranch Club brought out six tables. Holding top score was Cyril George and David Eldridge. Kay Browneli and Mrs. Cyril George took second.

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## "Ten Nights" In Rehearsal

Lloyd Weer cut short his vacation up at Lake Almanor, although the fishing was perfect and he was getting some fine trout. But he had to get back to Carmel to work on "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," which, under Denny-Watrous management and Lloyd Weer direction, is well under way at the First Theater in Monterey. The first active rehearsal was last Monday night. John Stanley is doing the sets, and the production will be given Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday of Labor Day weekend.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" is an American classic, aged in the wood, and its revival by Denny-Watrous will do nothing to impair its mellowness.

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# Personalities & Personals

As to the Millises: Mrs. Vera Peck Millis has gone to San Francisco to establish a winter home for the family. Jane, who has been hosteling in New England, returns to Carmel next Monday and will be here a week with her sisters, Martha and Anne, who are living with their aunt, Glenna Peck, prior to returning to San Francisco. Martha will re-enter Mills College, where she will be a sophomore this term, and Jane and Anne return to Miss Hamlin's school in San Francisco, where Jane is president of the student body. She plans to enter the University of California on her graduation from Miss Hamlin's. Bill Millis is remaining here, on the staff of the *Peninsula Herald*.

+

The Hal Garrotts have been theatre-going up in San Francisco. They saw Gertrude Lawrence in "Susan and God," and the musical review, "Pins and Needles." We want to see "Susan and God," too.

+

Terry Ogden, camera-portraitist, has his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Martin Ogden, of Hartford, Conn., staying with him. They will stay with him until they can establish their own home in Carmel.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Porter of Robles del Rio killed two birds with one stone last week-end. They took Paul up to Berkeley where he will begin his last year at the University of California, and they visited Peggy in Oakland. All Peggy's friends will be glad to know that all is very well in the Marquard family. The baby is more adorable than ever, the new home is more than satisfactory, and Milton has been promoted to purchasing agent for the Kaiser Construction Company, the engineering concern with which he has been connected for some time. But Peggy misses Carmel just the same. She was very happy here, Mrs. Porter told us.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend, Charlotte and Honey, departed this week for the north-west where the Townsends have country club property in Washington. They will be away a month. On the top of their station wagon as they left town was the canoe Frank built with his own hands for Charlotte. It's a professional job.

+

A bunch of the boys and girls, with Walt Pilot as the majordomo of the party, gnawed Carmel Valley corn at a bake up at the Rancho Fiesta one evening last week. The personnel included George McReynolds, Leone Neil, Katherine Hamm, Charles Hamm, LeRoy Bowen, Joyce Uzzell, Irene Wilson, Jess Owens, Joe McEldowney, Allan Wood, Betty Brown, Mildred Adams, Jeanette Stratton, George Smith, Fred Ballam, Tommie Phillips, Jean Gartner and Allen Hamm.

+

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Brownell and Mr. and Mrs. Mark G. Keller returned a week ago from a fishing trip which took them 700 miles north to the McKenzie River in Oregon. Willard Whitney went along, too, but he didn't get back until this week. They had a cabin on the bank of the river, and they fished . . . and fished . . . and fished. Last Friday there were trout all over Carmel, and some beauties, too. And that night Kay Brownell served the choice of the catch to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. John Lenahan and Dr. and Mrs. Marshall Carter.

+

Mrs. David Armstrong Taylor of San Francisco and Dr. and Mrs. O'Connell with daughter, Dorothy, also of San Francisco, have taken the Stackpole cottage on Casanova for a few days. Mrs. Taylor is an aunt of Ruth Burroughs.

+

Mrs. Doris Gibson and daughter, Sally, from Los Angeles, arrived at the Mission Ranch Club last Friday to spend a week-end, or a week, or even longer, if they feel like it, which they probably will, if we know David Eldridge and Mrs. Edith Larson and the Mission Ranch Club, which we think we do.

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Mrs. Ralph A. Coote arrived in Boston last Sunday. She left Carmel by train and finished her journey by air, according to a telegram received by Major Coote that day. Mrs. Coote is visiting her people and expects to be away about a month.

+

Miss Laura Dierssen has as house guests Teresa Ahrman Schucle and Mrs. Henry Harris, both of San Francisco. Carmel knows Teresa Ehrman as a fine pianist. Miss Dierssen and her guests attended the Ericourt recital last Saturday night. Mrs. Karl Hoffman, Miss Dierssen's sister, whose home is in San Francisco, arrived last Monday to spend the rest of the summer at the Dierssen house at Ninth and Carmelo. Karl Hoffman will come down week-ends while his wife is in Carmel.

+

Commander M. J. Peterson and Paul Flanders took off by automobile road for Fallen Leaf and Gold Lakes on Monday. They will stop over one day at Fallen Leaf and then proceed to Gold Lake where they will try to locate Ernie and George Schweninger and Fred Leidig, all three of whom have cut themselves off from our civilization for so long that friends and relatives have begun to wonder whether or not they are ever coming back. It's a case of a couple of Stanleys looking for a trio of Livingstones.

+

Dodie Dorcy, Sunset School secretary, (we never can think of Dodie without Sunset, or a Sunset without a Dodie), has her cousin, Ben Holladay, visiting her. Ben is from San Francisco, and he is a pianist-composer. Dodie has been urging him for ages to come down to Carmel. Now that he's here, he has decided to stay . . . perhaps forever. Where have we heard that story before? Two other guests joined them last week-end, E. Van James and Fred Pond, both of Santa Cruz. One evening Dodie, Ben, Van and Fred walked down to the beach as the sun was setting. It was the beautiful time of the evening that so many of us miss. The beach was deserted. They decided to go in swimming. Oh, yes, they went back to the house first for bathing suits. Anyway, the water was simply perfect . . . warm and calm, and full of sunset.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Emmons of Taft were visitors here this week, stopping at the home of Mrs. Jas. O. Greenan. Mr. Emmons is a former mayor of Taft, filling that office for six years. During their stay the Emmons enjoyed a trip on "Hub" Powers speed cruiser, "Seabiscuit."

+

Jerry Horwin, collaborator with Catherine Turney on the play, "Dear Children," has been resting at La Playa for a few days prior to his leaving for the east. Catherine and he, with John and Elaine Barrymore, are going to New York to confer with Brock Pemberton who will produce the play on Broadway this fall. Catherine Turney is the niece of Captain De Witt Blamer of Carmel. Her "Bitter Harvest" ran successfully through a long London season.

+

Paul Nye, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nye, is up from Prescott, Ariz., visiting his grandfather, brother Bill, and friends in Carmel. The Nyes (John L. was formerly assistant postmaster of Carmel) are finding life and work in Prescott exceedingly pleasant with "so many interesting and wonderful things to see here within a short distance," writes Mrs. Nye to THE CYMBAL.

+

A dinner dance in honor of Colonel and Mrs. John E. McMahon, Jr., newly arrived from Washington, D.C., to take up duties as commander of the Field Artillery, was given last Friday night at the Officers' Club at the Presidio. Among those entertaining at cocktail parties before the dinner dance were Captain and Mrs. James Callicutt, who honored Colonel and Mrs. McMahon and Mrs. Callicutt's aunt, Mrs. Seaman, of New York City. Among the guests was David Eldridge of the Mission Ranch Club. He was quite bewildered in his attempt to discover what the different types of uniforms stood for. Finally, he just gave up and decided to enjoy himself instead.

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Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes are guests at Del Monte Lodge.

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Mr. and Mrs. Francis de Dajovich are vacationing at Del Monte Hotel. Mrs. de Dajovich is the blonde and lovely Franceska Gaal of the movies. You saw her in "Buccaneer" and in Bing Crosby's "Paris Honeymoon." Mrs. Paul Lucas and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Arnold are at Del Monte, too.

+

Carl von Saltza is working for Jo Mora. They are working behind locked doors and what they are working on, for the present, is veiled in secrecy.

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# SHOP TALK

Saw a grand rag at Anna Katz' the other day. I suppose you'd have to call it a house coat, but someone who bought a similar one wears it in the morning to the studio, and in the evening to the music society doings. It's that sort of a thing. Made in Paris, of a hand-blocked linen crash, the design leafy and autumn-ish, it has a hand-crocheted trim and tiny crocheted buttons of orange. The tag had a $22.50 crossed out and a $12.50 marked instead. It was swell, and I wanted it.

+

Attention, sizes 40 and 42! You usually get left out in the cold when there's a real mark-down sale going on. Always plenty of 12's, 14's and 16's but nothing left in the larger sizes. Right? Well, if you need a soft wool cardigan, a nice one, here's your chance. Imelman has genuine Indian Cashmere nine-button cardigans made by Pringle of Hawick, and Hawick is in Scotland, for $10.95. Ordinarily these sweaters sell for $16.50, no less. Mostly soft pastels, however, although there is a rust, and several in a very soft and subtle grey-blue that is beautiful.

+

One reason why you can pick up companion pieces at the Cinderella Shop is because weeks and weeks of patient planning go into every model that is ordered. Most of the buying is done in the East. The only exception is the tweeds that are made by two Englishmen who have come to Hollywood. They import the tweeds from the old country, and make them up into classic companion, or harmonizing suits, and topcoats. You should se the heather plaids, and let Mrs. Dean pick a soft mauve wool dress out of the rack, walk over to a shelf and take out a deeper mauve suede Knox, and then look at the result. That sort of thing isn't accidental. They will never sell two of a kind on the Peninsula, either, and you'll never be able to duplicate them here. You might at Ransohoff's, or Magnin's, but even then the chance is slight.

+

We came upon Blenko glass in the Little Gallery. This is mouth-blown glass, hand-handled, and there is only one place in these United States where glass is made by this old, old method. The man who makes it came to this country after the war to find a certain type of sand necessary to make the glass that they could use in restoring cathedral windows destroyed during the war. Afterwards he came back, and went into business for himself. The colors are most unusual . . . blues, blue-greens and greens, warm ruby. Some is clear, some, which I preferred, had tiny bubbles through it. Lovely shapes, too. Shapes for flowers and shapes for holding water and wine and cocktails.

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## Nadine Fox Is Sunday Bride

Nadine Fox became the bride of Mr. Leland Drew Adams, Jr., at a 4 o'clock service at Del Monte Chapel last Sunday. It was a candle-lit ceremony and the decorations were white gradioli. Nadine was escorted down the center aisle to meet her bridegroom by her brother, Moylan Fox. She had two attendants, Miss Mary Katherine Hayne and Mrs. Edgar Stewart (Emily Adams), a cousin of Nadine's.

Best man was Joseph Chamberlain, II. who came from Chicago for the occasion. The ushers were Robert Kiesel, Horace Street, John Craig and Conrad Hawxhurst, all class mates of the bridegroom at the University of California.

Mrs. Etha Berkey, Nadine's mother, held a reception at her Carmel Woods home for friends. Mrs. Leland Drew Adams, mother of the bridegroom, aided her in greeting the guests.

After the honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Drew Adams, Jr., will make their home in Palo Alto.

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# DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

*Nani* Ball is back at Don Blanding's *Vagabond House* after spending several months with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Al Ball in Nevada and the Southwest.

Of course all the girls are green with jealousy, because *Nani* is definitely a "femme fatale" and gets more than her share of masculine attention whenever she is in the village.

When asked if she had had any new romances while out in the wild West, *Nani* just rolled her big brown eyes coyly and said, "Well, not very many."

+

Three of the most adorable children in the village belong to *Bobo* Rodriguez, the beautiful Maltese terrier owned by Jean Basham Rodriguez of La Loma Terrace. They are nine weeks old and look like little puff-balls of white fur, with shiny black buttons for eyes and noses. The two boys are named *Pudin'head* and *The Runt*, because he was born last. The little girl is named *Susie* and greatly resembles her grandmother, who was a great beauty in her day.

If all Maltese puppies are as cute as these three it is a small wonder that the breed was such a favorite with the ladies of ancient Rome.

+

A recent addition to the canine younger set is an attractive young fellow named *Pat* Bensberg. The little Spaniel makes his home in the Mission Tract with his master, Carl Bensberg.

*Pat* is still too young to "go out" so he spends most of his time sitting in his patio watching people go by.

If good-looks and lots of personality are any indication, *Pat* should be quite a beau when he gets older.

+

*Rags* Townsend is a problem house guest; she won't stay in the house. *Rags'* master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend, have gone away for several weeks and left *Rags* and her little playmate, *Haile Selassie*, the cat, with Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Bassett. But *Rags* is an elderly lady, very set in her ways. She has a particular place where she likes to sleep and she will sleep nowhere but there. The first night at the Bassetts she ate her dinner and then roamed restlessly around the house. Finally they let her out for a walk and away *Rags* went to her bed in the garden and refused to budge from it. So there she stays and her meals are brought to her

*Haile Selassie* is quite the reverse. He has become completely devoted to young Oliver Bassett and follows him around like a little shadow. Oliver renamed him *Anemometer Gadget Bullseye*, but he usually calls him *Fleabite* for short.

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**ALL SAINTS' NOTICE**

At All Saints' Church next Sunday the service of the Holy Communion will be at 8 a.m., Children's Church at 10 a.m. and the service of Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. with a sermon message by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé on "A Faith to Keep and to Give." Visitors to Carmel are especially invited to All Saints' which is a house of prayer for all people.

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**REMEMBER—Advertising once may be a loss; advertising several times may be a fortune. You're not talking to a mass meeting; you're talking to a parade.**

## Bunch at Dude Ranch Still On the Go

When we called up Rancho Carmelo last Monday to find out what had transpired over the week-end, we found that the entire dude ranch, including Mr. and Mrs. Mathiot, had gone off on an all-day picnic ride out beyond the San Clemente dam. Fortunately for us they left Peggy behind.

Peggy Mathiot is starting at Mills College in September, and is pretty thrilled about it. When she graduated from Monterey High School in 1937 her father gave her a saddle . . . a very special saddle. It's so special that Bob Ripley wrote about it last December in his "Believe It or Not" column. K. D. Mathiot designed it himself, and had Alfred Soria, who for 40 years has worked for the Visalia Saddle Company in San Francisco, do the work. It took him six months to do it. The figures on it . . . and there are 87 of them . . . represent early California State history. At the Del Monte horse show, Mission Fiesta week, Peggy rode her father's Palomino stallion, *Canario*, and, with this horse and her famous saddle, got a third prize in the "Best Cow Horse and Equipment Class."

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### FOUR-MAN CARMEL TEAM IS WINNER AT BRIDGE

A four-man team from Carmel was winner last Friday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Watson over a visiting four in three rounds of duplicate bridge. After each round (and there are 10 boards to a round, if you know your Duplicate), the play was discussed and money prizes exchanged. This method was more or less of an innovation, and it proved to be interesting fun.

The players were Mr. and Mrs. Cyril George of Fresno, who are guests at the Mission Ranch Club, W. E. MacDonald and Mrs. Marjorie Hitchcock of Salinas, John Thompson, Dr. Rudolph Urban of Vienna, Los Angeles and Mission Ranch Club, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Watson. The Carmel team was the winner. Refreshments were served and the evening was such a success that it will be repeated this week.

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### ELEANOR GEERING GETS A TRAVEL BEE IN BONNET

Eleanor Geering's desk in Claribel Haydock Zuck's office is filled with travel folders—gobs of 'em. Ynez, next door, started it all with her talk of a trip to the tropics and back on a freighter for $70. Eleanor decided to do a little personal investigating . . . it sounded too good to be true. It was. But she did find that a mere $250 would take you from San Francisco to Jamaica and back with various stops through Central America, depending on the cargoes that could be picked up, and so forth. The motorships of the East Asiatic Fleet, which are glorified freighters with grand accommodations for a limited number of passengers, leave San Francisco every three weeks for the British East Indies. Now she is trying to get together a congenial group of ten from Carmel to leave with her the third of October. No definite promises yet, she said, but three good prospects. If you're interested and able to do something about your interest, see Eleanor about it.

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**CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS—They rent rooms, lease house, sell real estate, find dogs, get jobs.**

## Music of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas Features "Girl Said No" at Filmarte

You maybe wouldn't guess it, but the Filmarte attraction running Sunday and Monday, August 21 and 22, entitled "The Girl Said No," is good old Gilbert and Sullivan. In it are scenes and music from such favorites as "The Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "Ruddigore," "Yeoman of the Guard" and "Pinafore."

The leading singers are old favorites who date back from the unforgettable Winthrop Ames' productions. Every Gilbert and Sullivan fan in the United States should know William Danforth, Frank Moulan, Vera Ross and Vivian Harte. Director Stone has utilized the choicest Gilbert and Sullivan material and added delightful bits of his own. Frank Moulan, as a garbage collector, rehearses "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" while he rides on the refuse wagon. Irene Hervey appears in several of the numbers and is the only one who hasn't made Gilbert and Sullivan her life work. Ed Brophy and Harry Tyler supply much comedy as a pair of gamblers.

Tonight and Saturday the Filmarte presents "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" in technicolor. Tommy Kelly has the starring role, and May Robson plays the part of *Aunt Polly*.

The mid-week European film which plays Wednesday and Thursday will be the French classic, "Life and Loves of Beethoven." Included in the musical background are the "Moonlight Sonata," "Appassionata," Sixth (Pastoral), Third and Ninth Symphonies. The picture is a biographical screen study of the life of the composer from the time he left Bonn in Germany to his death in Vienna.

## Library Bond Issue Goes to $3,000

(Continued from Page One)

that improvements to library grounds are properly improvements to the library. But the library board, having successfully chiseled on the garden business and passed it over to the city last year to the tune of some $300 annually to go out of the general fund, it's characteristic train of thought leads it to chisel on the retaining wall and sidewalk.

But the council stuck out on this. It is paying no more money from its general fund into library upkeep. If the library board wants improvements it just has to take the responsibility of getting the money necessary from the taxpayers. So, the council decided that there must be added to the amount the library wants the taxpayers to vote in bonds a sum necessary to build the retaining wall and sidewalk.

In other words, the taxpayers shall decide whether it wants to pay for all library improvements, and not have part of such improvements forced on them by an arbitrary tax rate increase.

So, instead of a $2,500 bond issue, as initially proposed by the library board, there will be a $3,000 bond issue. When, it has not been decided, but probably in October.

The $3,000 is what is necessary to be voted out of the total cost of $8181.81. (Funny number, isn't it—Peter Mawdsley thought it up.) A PWA grant, if it comes, will pay $3,681.81 of this, leaving $4,500. Then the library board has $1500 bequeathed it for extension purposes and this leaves the $3,000.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edward Clarke are honeymooning in Carmel. They were married at Stanford Chapel last Saturday. Mrs. Clarke was Juanita Lois Stuck of Taft and is a graduate of the University of California. Clarke is a Stanford man. They will make their home in Berkeley.

## French Pianist Feted by Many

Count and Countess Andre de Limur and their daughter, Helen Marie de Limur, drove down from their Burlingame house last Saturday to spend a week or ten days at their Pebble Beach place. They were hosts that evening to a small dinner party honoring Daniel Ericourt before his Carmel concert.

After the concert, Ericourt was further honored by a supper party given for him at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, who are spending the summer at their Pebble Beach place.

Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps entertained at dinner before the concert, she and her guests attending the Crocker supper party before returning to her Carmel Valley ranch.

Helen Marie de Limur, who will make her formal bow to society on September 14, it has been decided, entertained as her houseguests Miss Kathleen Kamm and her brother, Mr. Charles Kamm, and Count Alex Portales of Switzerland, at the Pebble Beach home of her parents, this past week-end.

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## John Roscelli High Bidder on Garbage Contract

(Continued from Page One)

or $250 a year with an additional seven per cent of the gross fees collected over $250. or a flat 12 per cent of the gross fees collected. Treat also offers to provide receptacles for rubbish in the business district and empty them free of charge.

Joseph Molinari bid $75 a month for the contract and five per cent of the gross fees collected over $500 a year.

John Roscelli, who holds the contract at present, offered a flat $1,425 a year and offered to remove waste from receptacles in the business section free of charge. Roscelli also presented a petition to the council, signed by 443 of his customers, voicing satisfaction at his service and expressing the hope that the council would renew his contract.

Walt Pilot wrote a letter sideswiping what he called "commercial" influences which caused the removal of the scrub oak tree at his dairy corner a year ago. He wants to plant another oak on the curb to take its place. The council said he could, but Everett Smith corrected the records by remarking that the other tree was removed because it was deader than a doornail.

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Madam Dolly Rohlfs of the Opera Comique in Paris has been a recent visitor to the Gabilan Riding Club and Guest Ranch owned by Mrs. George Uhl. Madame Borghild Janson of Carmel, the Princess Der Ling, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Arnold and son, David; Harvey Taylor, Mrs. Katherine Sphinks of Watsonville, and Mrs. A. W. Saunders of Santa Cruz have been recent visitors to this rancho on the old San Juan road.

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# Personalities & Personals

When we called Patty Lou Elliott last Thursday to ask about the tea she was giving for Miss Patty Hale, her house guest, the mothers were all busy in the kitchen making hors d'oeuvres and cutting little cakes into heart and spade and diamond shapes. We tried to get the story into last week's paper but it was past the deadline. Anyway, it was a lovely tea. It was given at the home of Patty Lou's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Elliott, Jr. Patty Hale, the honored guest, whose home is in Chico, grew up in Carmel, and she and her parents have been missed by a large group of friends who appreciated the opportunity to welcome her again, even for a brief visit. Mrs. George Zuinder of San Francisco, a friend of Mrs. Elliott's, who dropped in for a visit en route from the south; Mrs. Willard McGraw of Carmel and Mrs. Howard Hatton of Carmel Valley poured tea for the following guests: Natalie Hatton, Mary Riley, Susan McGraw, Dorothy Smith, Dawn Overhulse, Patty Mack, Jean Kneass, Milancy Smith, Zoe Littlefield, Carol Tindel and Jane Taylor.

+

Babette De Moe, daughter of Mrs. E. C. Poklen, is returning next Tuesday from Chicago where she has been spending her grandest summer to date, visiting with relatives, flying and listening to symphony orchestras. In spite of this exciting summer we have an idea that Babette will be glad to be back with us again. It will be nice having her. That's what we think.

+

Carol Card gave a tea last Friday afternoon at the home of her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, on Lincoln street. The affair was in honor of Miss Barbara Haasis, who leaves for Antioch College the end of this month.

A feature of Carol's party was the showing of her paintings. These were hung in an improvised art gallery, and were hung more in the spirit of fun than anything else. However, Carol's work can't be laughed off that easily. She will tell you they are not important, but these blithe, freely-executed modern things often show great promise. Carol is entering the University of California next year after she completes her final year at Monterey Union High School, and she is quite serious about continuing with her art work.

Miss Armstrong poured, assisted by Mrs. Emma Fortado. The guests were Barbara Haasis, Sue Chapman, Joan Clague, Katherine Beaton, Joan Humphrey, Annette Barbier, Adeline Mignano, Lila Grimes, Barbara Green, Della Lou Fortado, Betty Haskell, Jane Haskell, Joyce Uzzell, Katherine Hamm and Eugenia Fulton.

+

Mrs. L. L. Beamer of Oakland, with Mrs. G. A. Peters of Berkeley, is at La Playa this week. From Santa Barbara, La Playa welcomes Mr. and Mrs. Hervy Bates and Mr. and Mrs. William Ashworth. Miss Marion Hooker, a frequent guest of La Playa is back there again. With her is Miss Maude Thomas and her nephew, Mr. Gordon Thomas. Miss Hooker is also entertaining Miss Elsie De Witt of New London, Conn. Mrs. Frank Abbott, Jr., and Miss Frances Abbott are back here again from San Francisco. They were joined by Frank, Jr., and Frank, III, for a few days, but the male members of the family have returned to the city. Mrs. J. S. Silverberg and her sister, Mrs. William A. Greene, frequent La Playa guests, are here for a week or more Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Jr., were here for several days from Burlingame. They came with Mrs. Clement Tobin of New York. Mrs. Arthur Tobin and her daughter, also from Burlingame, were with them. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Delmar, and their son, Gray, were here for several days from Hollywood. Mr. Delmar is in the movies, and Mrs. Delmar is Vina Delmar, the well-known writer. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thompson, of Hollywood and the movies, are renewing old friendships in Carmel with La Playa their headquarters.

+

Mrs. J. C. Anthony of Carmel Valley, who was badly injured some time ago in an automobile accident on the valley road, is back at her home and recovering. She has her two nieces, Miss Patricia and Miss Shirley Anthony, of San Jose, spending the summer with her.

+

Mrs. Otis F. Berthold is convalescing at the Peninsula Community Hospital where she has been ill with pneumonia. The latest report is that she is doing well indeed and will soon be home.

+

Sally Fry is back in town. She has been vacationing up at her grandmother's, Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, at Thurston Lake, Lake County. With Cecile (Bubbles) Hampton she arrived back in Carmel this week.

+

Anne Martin visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Martin, of Carmel Valley, over the week-end. Anne is in training at the clinic of the University of California hospital.

+

Luis Wolter has bought the Boyce place from Mrs. Boyce-Smith. This ranch is across the road from the Andrew Stewart property. Luis Wolter will farm it.

+

The California Authors' Show at the Village Book Shop in the Seven Arts Court is drawing a great deal of attention. Included in the display, largely drawn from Harvey Taylor's private collection, are many autographed copies of widely-known works, among them Robinson Jeffers, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain, Frank Norris, and other western authors.

+

Mrs. James O. Greenan and her sons, James and Owen, have gone to Nevada for a week to visit Mr. Greenan at the gold mines. Greenan is a widely known mining engineer and formerly operated extensively in the Philippines.

+

Paulette Goddard sent in her entry for the Women's Golf Tournament today, much to Eric Coster's satisfaction, as he had been plugging for her. Ruby Keeler, Vilma Banky (Mrs. Rod La Rocque) and Mrs. Jimmy Fidler are entered too. The Women's Tournament opens on August 24 at the Del Monte Golf Course and continues through to August 28. Miss Goddard and Charles Chaplin have been seen walking Ocean avenue unmolested this week.

+

Miss Edith Boris, Hollywood secretary to Frank Orsatti, motion picture agent, is vacationing at the Rancho Carmelo Dude Ranch. Back in Hollywood she handles contracts for such stars as Sonja Henie, Judy Garland and Stuart Irwin.

+

Guests at Robles del Rio Lodge went on a moonlight hayride last Saturday night up to San Clemente dam. The huge hay wagon was drawn by four horses with bells on their harnesses. Frank De Amaral had his accordion along. It sounds like something we shouldn't have missed. Miss Ruth McCrystle and Miss Marion Irvin from San Francisco joined the gang at the Lodge, and from San Mateo came Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Brien. On Sunday they all went on an all-day picnic on horseback.

+

Miss Flavia Flavin entertained at a gay dancing party at the Yankee Point home of her father, Martin Flavin, last Friday night. The party was in honor of her brother, Martin Flavin, Jr., home from Harvard University for a summer vacation. At this same party, the engagement of Donnan Jeffers, son of poet Robinson Jeffers, to Dorothy Rubel of Berkeley, was unofficially announced. More than 60 of the younger group attended the dance and many of the older crowd were represented also. A buffet supper was served at midnight and the guests enjoyed a moon which rose in glory and made a spectacular setting for the occasion, particularly as viewed from the terrace. The terrace at Yankee Point looks out on beauty always, but it afforded something very special that night. There was an orchestra, too.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY WILL HEAR CONFERENCE REPORT

The Carmel Missionary Society will meet at the Parish House of All Saints' Episcopal Church at 2:30 p.m. Tuesday, August 23. There will be a resumé of the missionary education movement conference that took place at Asilomar last month.

The bandage-rolling group for lepers will meet that same morning at the same place, bringing their lunches with them and making coffee for the group in the Parish House kitchen. Usually this group meets in the afternoon every Tuesday, but on the fourth Tuesday of the month it changes to the morning to make way for the monthly Missionary Society meeting. Visitors

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for bandages is still needed. Can't you dig up a few old sheets for this really good cause?

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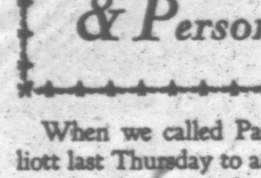

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## Just in Case...

### YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

**STATISTICS ON THE TOWN**

Carmel, in a pine forest (Carmel-by-the-Sea on the unashamed records, and "nestled" in a pine forest, according to realtors), on the shore of the expansive Pacific Ocean, is about 130 miles south of San Francisco by road and rail, and about 330 miles north of Los Angeles (God help us!) by the naturally beautiful but peace-devastating new coast highway.

Within our corporate borders dwell during tranquil nine months of the year about 3,000 human beings of varying degrees of personal charm and about 1297 dogs, all lovable. We cover a geographical area of 425 acres and have 1297 dwellings. We tolerate 164 separate and distinct places of business.

Directly adjacent to us, but not within our municipal city limits are residence sections known to us as Carmel Point, Carmel Woods, Pebble Beach, Hatton Fields and the Mission Tract, with an estimated aggregate population of 550 humans. Dogs 94. Also using us for shopping purposes are Carmel Highlands, where State Senator Ed Tickle runs Highlands Inn, and the Carmel Valley. They have an estimated population of 250 humans. Dogs, 48.

That gives us about 3,800 human beings and 1,439 dogs in "metropolitan" Carmel.

**CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW**

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Herbert Heron.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Frederick R. Bechdolt.

Commissioner of Streets—Clara Kellogg.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Hazel Watrous.

The above get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector—Thomas J. Hefling. Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fraties, Douglas Rogers, Leslie Overhulse. Telephone 131.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. Fire House on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets. Telephone 100.

Park and Playground Commission—Corum Jackson, chairman.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues.

The council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

**PUBLIC LIBRARY**

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. Hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning property inside it. A deposit of $3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

**CARMEL ART INSTITUTE**

Seven Arts Building. Classes in all arts and crafts. Kit Whitman, director. Telephone 1222.

**ART GALLERY**

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clav Otto, curator.

**CARMEL MISSION**

Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 7, 9 and 11 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

**CHURCHES**

All Saints' Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street a half block south of Ocean avenue. The Rev Carel J. Hulsewé, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. The Rev. Wilber W. McKee, D.D., pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

**THEATERS**

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees every day during summer. Telephone 282.

Filmarte Theatre. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth avenues. Richard Bare, manager. Exceptional films shown regardless of age or origin. Evening performances 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Mountain View avenue, three blocks south of Ocean avenue.

**POST OFFICE**

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:40 a.m. (air mail) and 5:40 p.m. For all points except south, 1:40 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 6:40 a.m. only.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 12 m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 a.m.

**RAILWAY EXPRESS**

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

**TELEGRAPH**

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues. Telephone 630 or Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

**BANKS**

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 312.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

**PUBLIC UTILITIES**

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Dolores and Seventh avenue. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank Building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

**TAXI SERVICE**

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

**STAGE SERVICE**

Monterey stage office. South-east corner of Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, A.M.: 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P.M.: 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel, A.M.: 9:00, 11:20. P.M.: 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

**MONTEREY TRAINS**

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound train direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. Northbound by railroad bus for connection at Salinas, 2:50 p.m. Southbound, direct pullman to Los Angeles, 8.22 p.m. Southbound, by bus to Salinas, connecting with Daylight Limited, 9:39 a.m. Arrivals from North, 11:12 a.m., 12:13 p.m. and 11:35 p.m. Arrivals from South, 7:40 a.m., 4:23 p.m. and 7:31 p.m.

**BUS SERVICE**

Greyhound Lines. Pacific street in Monterey in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone Monterey 5887. Carmel, north-west corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey. Northbound, A.M.: 7:50, 9:35. P.M.: 1:10, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. Southbound, A.M.: 9:00, 10:55. P.M.: 6:45, 10:10.

Departures from Carmel. Northbound, 6:20 p.m. Southbound, 11:34 a.m.

Greyhound sight-seeing car makes daily trips to Big Sur at 1:25 p.m.

## THINGS TO COME

*MOTION PICTURES*

Filmarte Theatre, Monte Verde, between Eighth and Ninth. Starting today and playing tomorrow, August 19 and 20, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" in technicolor, with Tommy Kelly and May Robson. Sunday and Monday, August 21 and 22, "The Girl Said No," with Irene Hervey and Robert Armstrong. This is Gilbert and Sullivan. On Wednesday and Thursday, August 24 and 25, "The Life and Loves of Beethoven." Performances twice nightly at 7 and 9. Matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday.

Carmel Theatre, Ocean and Mission. Matinees every day at 2. Evening show at 7. Two performances at night. Today, "Three Blind Mice" with Loretta Young, Joel McCrea and David Niven, and "Young Fugitives" with Robert Wilcox and Dorothea Kent. Saturday, August 20, "Hunted Men" with Lloyd Nolan and Mary Carlisle, and "Border G-Man" with George O'Brien and Loraine Johnston. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, August 21, 22 and 23, "Three Comrades" with Margaret Sullavan, Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone. Wednesday, August 24, "Passport Husbands" with Stuart Erwin and Pauline Moore. Also 10-Win. Thursday and Friday, August 25 and 26, "White Banners," with Claude Rains, Fay Bainter and Jackie Cooper. Also "Saint in New York" with Louis Hayward and Kay Sutton.

*PLAYS*

"Yes, My Darling Daughter" presented by Carmel Players in Sunset School Auditorium on the evenings of September 2, 3 and 4.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" presented by the Gold Coast Troupers in California's First Theater, Monterey, September 2, 3, 4 and 5.

*MUSIC*

Viola Morris and Victoria Anderson in two-part song recital in the Filmarte Theatre, Eighth and Monte Verde streets, August 23, in the evening.

*SHAKESPEARE READINGS*

The Carmel Shakespeare Company, under the direction of Herbert Heron, meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock sharp, at Hotel La Ribera. Group reading and discussion of the plays, working toward the establishment of an annual Carmel Shakespeare Festival. Open to the public.

The Shakespeare group is now rehearsing "Twelfth Night" in the hope of presenting it later in the season. This afternoon the group is rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet" at the Forest Theatre.

*PLAY READINGS*

Ronald Telfer reads plays at the American Legion Hall on September 10, October 8, and November 12. Small charge at door to benefit welfare work of Legion Auxiliary.

*BRIDGE*

Every Monday night at Mission Ranch Club.

Every Wednesday and Friday afternoon, bridge-teas at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

*CRAFTSMEN DEMONSTRATION*

Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 in the Court of the Golden Bough. John Catlin will demonstrate his skill in carving in stone.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

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STUCCO HOUSE, three bedrooms, 2 baths. Within two blocks of sand dunes. See THOBURNS across from Library. (8)

CARMEL HOUSE, two bedrooms. Lot 60 foot frontage. Fully Furnished. See SHAND across from Pine Inn. (8)

TWO CORNER LOTS on paved street near beach and town. Priced less than lots in same vicinity. Not listed before. An exceptional buy. GLADYS JOHNSTON. Telephone 1200. (8)

FOR SALE: In Eighty Acres with unsurpassed ocean view, Redwood house. Living room, dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms and two baths, three lots; for $8500. NEWELL & STRAITH. (8)

**APARTMENTS FOR RENT**

MONTE VERDE APARTMENTS. Newly remodeled. Ocean view. Large, comfortable rooms and apartments. Attractive rates. Monte Verde near Ocean. Tel. 71. (tf)

**JOBS WANTED**

RELIABLE WOMAN will care for children between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. daily. Telephone 38. (8)

**TEACHING**

ENGLISHMAN—graduate of Oxford University, tutors privately. Telephone Carmel 252. (9)

**SEWING**

SLIP COVERS, upholstering and drapes. Ethel Cooke. Sixth and Lincoln. (8)

**FOR SALE CLOTHING**

FOR SALE: Viennese red silk dress. Will fit size 16 or 18. Bargain. Tel. 1123-W. (7)

**WANTED MODELS**

WANTED: Girl Models. Telephone (ask information any time after Saturday) S. Covarrubias. Burnham Studio, Casanova between 12 and 13. (7)

**TYPING**

MANUSCRIPTS—If you want a manuscript typed quickly, accurately, with a new typewriter on good bond paper at 40¢ a thousand, telephone Carmel 726. (9)

**LEGAL NOTICE**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, In and For the County of Monterey

No. 4890

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF THOMAS VINCENT CATOR, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Vincent Cator, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at Salinas or to present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Administrator at the law office of Shelburn Robison, Tower Room, New Post Office Building, Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice.

Dated: July 20, 1938.

MONTEREY COUNTY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
by T. P. Joy, Trust Officer
Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Vincent Cator, Deceased

ARGYLL CAMPBELL AND SHELBURN ROBISON
Attorneys for said Administrator

Date of 1st pub: July 22, 1938
Date of last pub: August 19, 1938

**GARDENING**

15 YEARS EXPERIENCE. Want contract work by the month. Expert in all points. Telephone Carmel 467. (9)

**SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS**

BUSINESSMEN or students who desire concise, simplified, and digested information about mathematics or other scientific subjects as well as their practical and commercial applications—call 1454. Reasonable. (11)

**MUSIC**

COMPOSER-PIANIST of moderate ability will help you or your child to enjoy playing the piano or listening to music in general. Reasonable arrangements. Carmel 1454. (11)

**PHILOSOPHY**

STUDENTS DESIRING information about or instruction in Oriental religions, philosophies, yoga systems, etc., please call P. B. A. at Carmel 1454. Not too expensive for most, and no charge at all for the few. (11)

**LOST AND FOUND**

LOST—PAIR OF LADIES' NOSE GLASSES: In Carmel. Return to Cymbal and receive reward. (7)

LOST black and white Gold Cameo ring on the beach near 12th. Reward. Box 1076 or Telephone 1200. (8)

**MISCELLANEOUS**

POEM 8 x 10 for framing, 25¢. Sample of your handwriting and stamp brings character analysis with each order. 1757B Chestnut St., San Francisco. (10)

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## "Three Comrades" To Show This Week-End

"Three Comrades" is the film Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, August 21, 22 and 23, at the Carmel Theatre. Robert Taylor, Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone and Robert Young have the stellar roles. The story, based on Erich Maria Remarque's widely-read novel, centers about Taylor, Tone and Young, three young war veterans, who face a chaotic future together in a country gripped by post-war disturbances. Taylor, the youngest, falls in love with Miss Sullavan, the love affair giving all three comrades a new interest in life. The four struggle happily along together. Taylor and Margaret Sullavan marry, and on their honeymoon she has her first serious illness. Young is slain in a political riot. Miss Sullavan is sent to a distant sanitarium. An operation is necessary and Franchot Tone sells his only love, his racing car, to pay the expenses.

Frank Borzage directs it, and although it's a tragedy I think I'll see it.

—M. W.

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## Tak Lags Fest This Afternoon

It's *tak lags fest* this afternoon at 4 o'clock on the new house of Dr. and Mrs. Marshall L. Carter at Jacks' Peak. Lennart Palme, the architect, brought this old Swedish custom to Carmel. It's a celebration that takes place on every house he builds just as soon as the last rafter is nailed in place. Then a branch is nailed to the roof peak as a signal that the hour has come, and those who are in the know come a-tearing. A keg of beer is opened, coffee, sandwiches and cakes are served. All the workmen, the contractor, the sub-contractor, representatives of the firms who supplied the building materials, the architect, the owners, the press, and any friends to whom the word has been given, are there. It's like a christening.

Back in Rye, New York, this *tak lags fest* was so popular that workmen chose to work for Lennart Palme just because there was a feast in store for them.

Dr. Carter's house is a low rambling affair of eight rooms. It has three bedrooms and three baths and the exterior walls are of shakes.

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### "OTHER VILLAGE" WILL DO STREAMLINE SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" will be given a streamline production by the Players Club in its auditorium up at the "other village" on August 26 and 27.

The success of this 1938 version recently presented at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley and the many requests for a production on the other side of the bay have encouraged the Players Club to set the above dates.

## Marjorie Almost Didn't Hear Namara; "What a Fool I'd Been," Says She

Marguerite Namara sang to a distinguished audience last Wednesday night in the Copper Cup Room at Hotel Del Monte. The concert was under Denny-Watrous management.

Namara is a lyric soprano. We cannot indulge in superlatives in speaking of her voice, and, indeed, it is impossible to consider her voice as an entity separate from her personality. With it, she expresses a personality at once passionate, beautiful and ecstatic. Namara has the perfect temperament for a singer, the sort of temperament one hopes to find in all singers. She loves to sing and she must sing, and she has developed her gift so that it has reached as near the perfection point as she is able to bring it. Now she is secure in the knowledge of her ability to charm and entertain her audience, and keep it under her spell for as long as she wishes. Between the numbers she broke down her professional presentation and brought her audience into a flattering and intimate knowledge of Namara off the stage.

This Namara is unaffected, humorous and utterly charming. It was generous and wise of her to share herself this way with us. It made the evening more memorable. One time she came back onto the platform quite unmistakably eating something. She laughed. "Sugar," she said, pointing to her mouth. "A frog in my throat. You'll have to wait a minute until it goes down."

The printed program was almost useless as Namara skipped here and there over it, adding request numbers to which she played her own accompaniments. These request numbers she enjoyed tremendously, and so did her audience.

The last group of songs was cut out, and Raymond McFeeters, Namara's accompanist and pianist of importance, played Albeniz' "Triana" and a Spanish dance of strange and stirring rhythm for an encore. He got an enthusiastic response from the audience for this competent rendering.

There were times when Namara's voice sounded harsh and strident, but this was done deliberately because the part she was singing called for harshness and stridency. Namara is an actress before she is a voice.

I almost didn't go. If there had been any way I could have avoided going, I would have. And what an utter fool I would have been! I'll never miss her again.

—MARJORIE WARREN

## Ricketts Plans To Move Dairy

Gene Ricketts, that handsome guy who runs McDonald Dairy on San Carlos street, is going to move —and go swanky.

Gene is transferring the personnel and mechanism of his business to the store formerly occupied by Ynez Whitaker's gown shop in the Ewig building on Ocean avenue, a few doors west of the post office.

We expect the place will be dolled up in pastoral shades, or bright blacks and whites, and that the gals behind the counter will be in some sort of nifty uniforms. And we hope he'll call the new place "Gene's." The present name of McDonald is that of former owners, and there is no reason why that peculiar personality which is Gene's should not be identified with the place.

We wish him luck and we promise him some of our coffee trade —and, possibly, a nick of our ice cream, hamburger, milk, butter and egg budget.

\+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. Hjalmar Berg, Jr. have a little Berg in th family now. This only happened last Tuesday and they're calling him Wesley Chapman. He'll begin to grow in the Carmel Woods home of his parents. His father teaches in the Monterey Union High School, which we consider a break for young Wesley.

Mrs. R. L. Grabill of Carmel Point entertained 14 guests at an evening whist party last Monday night that turned out to be a surprise birthday party for her husband. He was presented with many attractive gifts, and refreshments served during the evening included a birthday cake. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Schulte, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Follett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson, Mrs. Viola Schroth and her father, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rubens.

### PRINCESS DER LING PLANS STAY AT PEBBLE BEACH

The Princess Der Ling, well-known author of oriental historical romances and magazine stories, who is being entertained at Hotel Del Monte by Miss Marjorie Day, has expressed such a liking for Carmel that she plans to leave her Los Angeles residence for a few months and take a house at Pebble Beach.

The rare treasures from the Imperial collection now owned by the Princess are to be shown at the 1939 exposition at San Francisco and there is a plan a-foot to give a preview of these art works at Hotel Del Monte toward the end of the month. Many magnificent costumes are to be included in the exhibition which is to be a benefit for the Chinese refugees. The Princess has been in charge of the Rice Bowl parties on the Pacific Coast.

FAMILIES everywhere are starting on carefree vacations—paid for in advance by regular bank deposits.

If you have been "left behind" this year through lack of cash, why not start to plan now for *next* summer.

Deposits at this bank, made regularly during fall, winter and spring, will grow to a substantial vacation fund by the time summer comes again. It's a good idea .... why not try it?

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